



No.102

AUG...TEN CENTS



The BATMAN

Detective COMICS

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



BATMAN
AND ROBIN
FACE THEIR FIERCEST FOE
THE JOKER
IN THE ADVENTURE OF
"The HOUSE THAT WAS
HELD FOR RANSOM"

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WHEN YOU'RE
SHOPPING FOR THE
BEST IN COMICS,
YOU DON'T HAVE
FAR TO LOOK!
IT'S RIGHT UNDER
YOUR NOSE, ON
EVERY NEWSSTAND
—THE SUPERMAN
DC SYMBOL... YOUR
GUARANTEE OF TOP
ENTERTAINMENT
IN ADVENTURE
AND HUMOR!



BATMAN

WITH
ROBIN
- THE BOY WONDER -

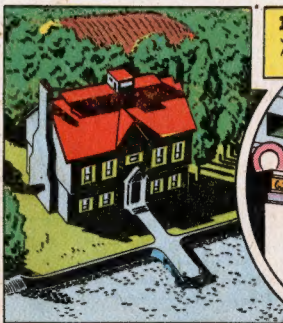
LEAVE IT TO THAT MOCKING MASTER OF MENACE, THE JOKER, TO ADD A NEW WRINKLE TO AN OLD RACKET IN ONE OF THE STRANGEST KIDNAPINGS OF ALL TIME! THE LAUGHING LARZENIST MAKES A BIG MISTAKE, THOUGH, WHEN HE TRIES TO CHANGE A LIVE **BATMAN** INTO A DEAD PIGEON! AND BIRDS OF A FEATHER GO TO JAIL TOGETHER, WHEN A FIGHTING **ROBIN** JOINS HIS EMBATTLED COMRADE IN A THRILL-PACKED HUNT FOR... "THE HOUSE THAT WAS HELD FOR RANSOM."

BOB
KANE



TWENTY MILES NORTH OF GOTHAM, ON THE EAST BANK OF THE KIDDIWAH RIVER, STANDS A HISTORIC OLD MANSION.

UNDER ITS ANCIENT EAVES, SEVEN GENERATIONS OF STICKNEYS HAVE LIVED AND DIED...



ITS PRESENT OWNER, WEALTHY J. BULLION STICKNEY, IS DEEPLY ATTACHED TO THE HOUSE THAT HOLDS SO MANY MEMORIES...



RARELY VENTURING OFF HIS BELOVED GROUNDS, THE LAST OF THE STICKNEYS PASSES THE TIME TENDING HIS DOVECOTES...



OUR STORY BEGINS WITH A LETTER PICKED UP ONE MORNING BY DODDER, OLD STICKNEY'S ONLY SERVANT...

A LETTER FOR MASTER STICKNEY? MAIL IS A RARE THING IN THIS HOUSE! I HOPE IT'S NOT BAD NEWS!



HARUMPH... CAN'T IMAGINE WHO WOULD WRITE TO ME! WELL, LET'S HAVE A LOOK!



POSSIBLY A CIRCULAR, SIR?

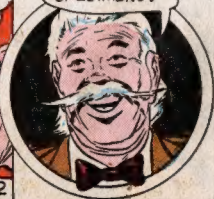
Dear Sir:
As a fellow pigeon fancier, you may be interested in some excellent birds I must sell before leaving the city. I shall be staying at the Gotham Hotel Tuesday night. If you can possibly come into town, I am sure it will be worth your while.
Reginald P. Parker

REGGIE PARKER? WHY HE'S THE GREATEST PIGEON FANCIER IN THE EAST! DODDER, PACK THE OVER-NIGHT BAGS: WE'RE LEAVING FOR GOTHAM CITY THIS AFTERNOON!

GOTHAM CITY? BUT, SIR—YOU HAVEN'T BEEN THAT FAR FROM THE HOUSE IN YEARS!



TRUE, DODDER, TRUE—BUT YOU KNOW HOW INTERESTED I AM IN PIGEONS! I'M QUITE PREPARED TO ENDURE A NIGHT IN TOWN TO OBTAIN SOME CHOICE SPECIMENS!



BUT THAT EVENING, AS STICKNEY AND DODDER ARRIVE AT THE GOTHAM HOTEL, AN UNPLEASANT SURPRISE AWAITS THEM...

REGINALD PARKER? WHAT? NOT REGISTERED? BUT THIS IS OUTRAGEOUS!



AMAZING! TRULY AMAZING!

IN ANY CASE, SIR, WE'LL HAVE TO SPEND THE NIGHT! THERE'S NO TRAIN FOR HOME UNTIL MORNING!



I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT! IF THAT LETTER WAS A HOAX, WHAT WAS THE REASON FOR IT? A QUEER JOKE, I MUST SAY!

A QUEER JOKE INDEED! AND A GRIM ONE, MR. STICKNEY—AS YOU SHALL SOON DISCOVER

THE NEXT MORNING...

HOME AT LAST! MAY I NEVER HAVE TO SPEND ANOTHER NIGHT IN TOWN! AH, WHAT A FINE DAY! SUPPOSE WE WALK TO THE HOUSE!



AN EXCELLENT SUGGESTION, SIR!

WELL, I DECLARE—WE MUST HAVE COME THE WRONG WAY! I DON'T SEE THE HOUSE!



WE COULDN'T HAVE THE WRONG PATH! THIS IS VERY STRANGE!

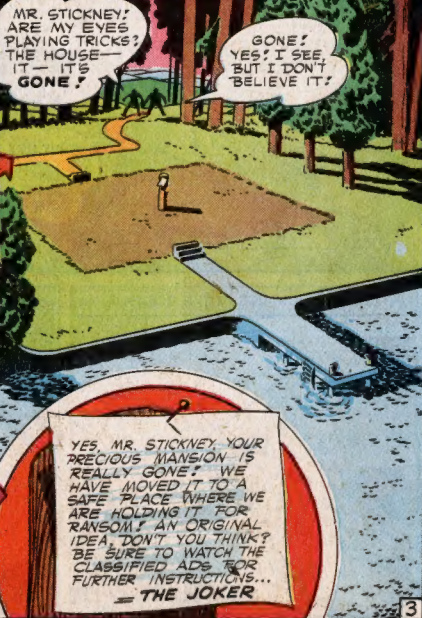
IT CAN'T BE TRUE! MY BELOVED HOME! MR. THE ONE SOLACE OF MY DECLINING YEARS! HAVE WE BOTH GONE MAD?



NOTE PINNED ON THIS POST!

SUDDENLY, THE TWO MEN CAME UPON AN AMAZING, A FANTASTIC, A TRULY INCREDIBLE SIGHT!

MR. STICKNEY! ARE MY EYES PLAYING TRICKS? THE HOUSE—IT—IT'S GONE!



GONE! YES! I SEE, BUT I DON'T BELIEVE IT!

YES, MR. STICKNEY, YOUR PRECIOUS MANSION IS REALLY GONE! WE HAVE MOVED IT TO A SAFE PLACE WHERE WE ARE HOLDING IT FOR RANSOM! AN ORIGINAL IDEA, DON'T YOU THINK? BE SURE TO WATCH THE CLASSIFIED ADS FOR FURTHER INSTRUCTIONS...
— THE JOKER



AMAZING! AND WHO IS THE JOKER?

ONLY A RECLUSE WOULD NOT KNOW THE JOKER, THAT PRINCE OF PRANKSTERS, THAT FIENDISH FUNSTER WHOSE DIABOLICAL CRIMES HAVE SPREAD HIS EVIL FAME ACROSS A CONTINENT AND MADE HIM THE ARCH ENEMY OF THE MIGHTY **BATMAN!** INDEED, WHAT OTHER BALEFUL BRAIN COULD PLAN SO BOLD A SCHEME AS THIS?

NEWS OF THE STARTLING CRIME TRAVELS SWIFTLY— AND INTERRUPTS THE VACATION OF BRUCE WAYNE AND DICK GRAYSON.

WE SHOULD REACH THE SITE OF THE HOUSE IN ANOTHER THREE HOURS!

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND HOW IT WAS MOVED WITHOUT LEAVING TRACKS! WE'RE GOING TO HAVE OUR HANDS FULL!



PROPHETIC WORDS! ONLY A HALF MILE DOWN THE ROAD...



I TELL YOU THERE'S NOTHING VALUABLE IN THERE— JUST SOME OLD BRICKS!

HERE'S WHAT WE'RE LOOKIN' FOR!

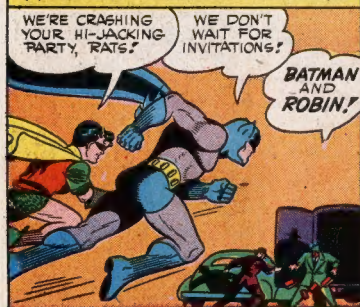
SHUT UP! WE KNOW WHAT WE'RE DOIN'!



WHAT'RE WE STOPPING FOR?

TAKE A LOOK UP AHEAD! IF THAT DOESN'T LOOK LIKE A HOLDUP—!

A LIGHTNING CHANGE AT THE ROADSIDE, AND...



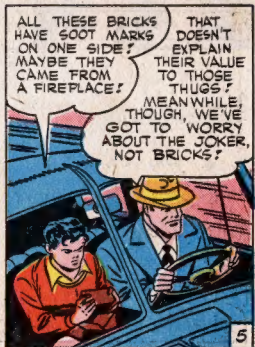
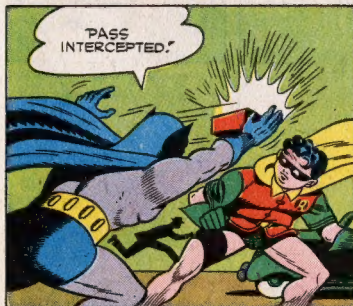
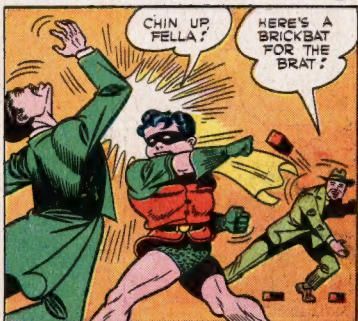
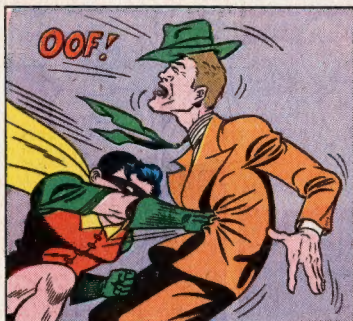
WE'RE CRASHING YOUR HI-JACKING PARTY, RATS!

WE DON'T WAIT FOR INVITATIONS!

BATMAN AND ROBIN!



PARDON MY IMPETUOSITY! I'M IN A HURRY!



AND PRESENTLY, ARRIVING AT THE SCENE OF THE JOKER'S FANTASTIC CRIME..

I'M CERTAINLY RIGHT GLAD TO SEE YE, **BATMAN!**

IF YOU CAN LOCATE MY HOUSE, SIR, MY GRATITUDE WILL BE UNBOUNDED: IT WAS THE ONE SOLACE OF MY OLD AGE!

YOU SAY YOU'VE GONE OVER EVERY INCH OF GROUND?

THE ONLY POSSIBLE WAY TO MOVE THE HOUSE WITHOUT LEAVING TRACES WOULD BE TO FLOAT IT DOWN THE RIVER ON A BARGE!

THAT'S BAD... THE RIVER IS TWO HUNDRED MILES LONG AND BRANCHES OFF INTO HALF A DOZEN CREEKS!

I GUESS WE'LL JUST HAVE TO WAIT FOR THE RANSOM DEMAND!

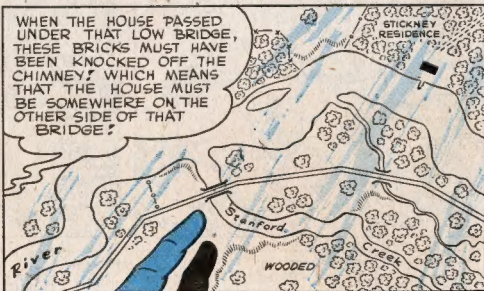
ALAS—MY LOVELY OLD HOUSE WITH ITS OAK RAFTERS, ITS BRICK CHIMNEYS—

BRICK CHIMNEYS! WAIT!

WHY, YES! IT'S THE SAME TYPE OF BRICK AS MY CHIMNEYS! BUT WHY DO YOU ASK?

THIS WAS FOUND ON THE STANFORD CREEK BRIDGE! QUICK, SOMEONE GET ME A MAP OF THE RIVER!

WHEN THE HOUSE PASSED UNDER THAT LOW BRIDGE, THESE BRICKS MUST HAVE BEEN KNOCKED OFF THE CHIMNEY! WHICH MEANS THAT THE HOUSE MUST BE SOMEWHERE ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THAT BRIDGE!



WHAT'S MORE—ON THIS MAP THE CREEK IS NOT NAVIGABLE FOR MORE THAN A THOUSAND YARDS PAST THE BRIDGE! THAT'S WHY THOSE CROOKS WANTED THE BRICKS! THEY WERE A TIP-OFF TO THE HIDING PLACE!

IF THE HOUSE IS THERE, WE SHOULD BE ABLE TO SPOT IT FROM THE AIR, **ROBIN!**

SO IT'S US FOR THE **BATPLANE!** THIS TIME WE'VE GOT THE JOKER WHERE WE WANT HIM!

LATE THAT AFTERNOON...

NO SIGN OF ANYTHING YET! I'M AFRAID THE JOKER HAS THE HOUSE CAREFULLY CAMOUFLAGED!

WE'VE GOT TO KEEP TRYING, BATMAN!

MEANWHILE, IN THE VERY ROOM WHERE OLD STICKNEY USED TO SIT WITH HIS HALLOWED MEMORIES...

HA-HA! SO THE BATMAN GOT THE BRICKS! HA-HA! HAW!

BUT, JOKER—WHAT'S SO FUNNY?

THE BATMAN MIGHT BUST IN ANY MINUTE, AN' HE SITS THERE AN' LAUGHS!

WHY, YOU MUTTON-HEADS, IT'S A SET-UP! THIS IS OUR ONE CHANCE TO GET RID OF THE BATMAN FOR GOOD! THEN IT'LL BE A CINCINCH TO COLLECT THE RANSOM! SNOOZER, YOU AND THE BOYS GET THE DOVECOTE DOWN FROM THE ROOF!

OKAY, JOKER! YOU MUST KNOW WHAT YE'RE DOIN'!

SO THE BATMAN MIGHT DROP IN ON US, EH? WELL, WE'LL JUST MAKE IT A LITTLE EASIER FOR HIM TO FIND US! HA-HA!

WHAT DEVILISH DEVICE IS THIS SIMPERING SATAN PLANNING NOW? WHAT SINISTER SIGNIFICANCE LURKS BEHIND THE JOKER'S GRIM GUFFAWS?

?

AS THE SUN SINKS IN THE WESTERN SKY...

WELL, ROBIN, IT'S BEGINNING TO LOOK RATHER HOPELESS...

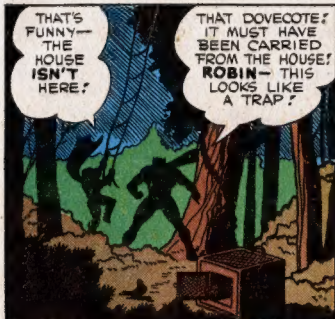
NOTHING BUT TREES LINING THE BANKS ON BOTH SIDES! BUT WAIT—THOSE PIGEONS FLYING ABOUT DOWN THERE!

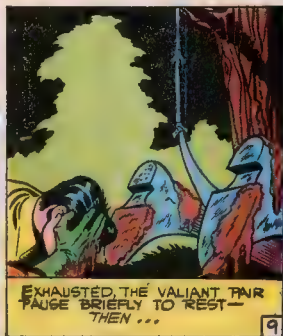
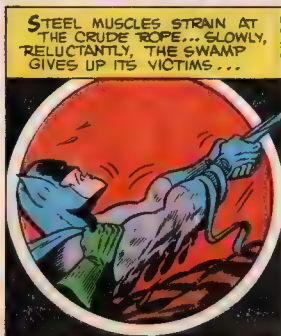
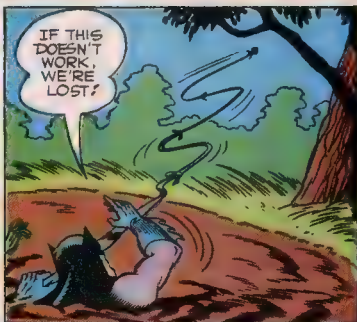
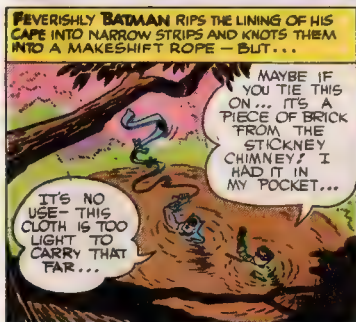
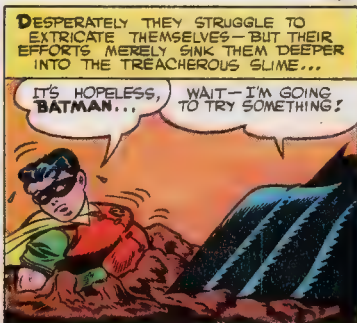
PIGEONS—OF COURSE! THE HOUSE MAY BE DIRECTLY BELOW! LOWER THE ROPE LADDER!

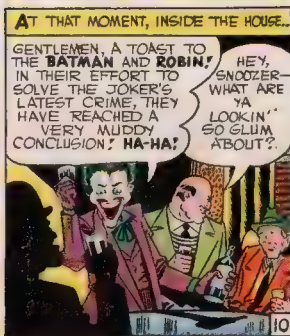
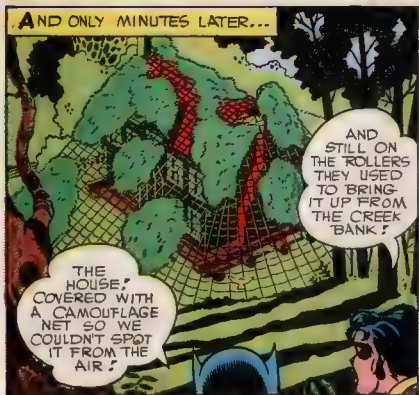
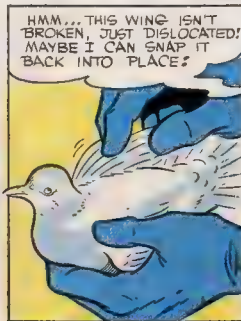
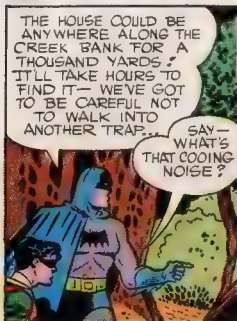
GUESS THE JOKER DIDN'T EXPECT HIS CAMOUFLAGED TO GO FOWL!

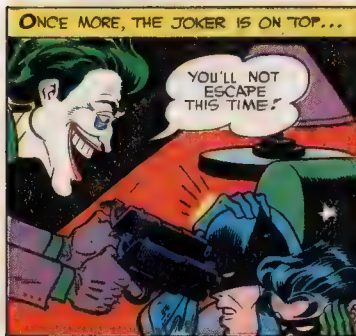
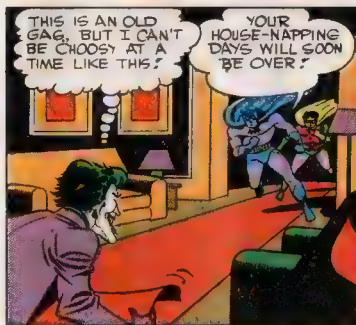
I STILL CAN'T MAKE OUT THE HOUSE...

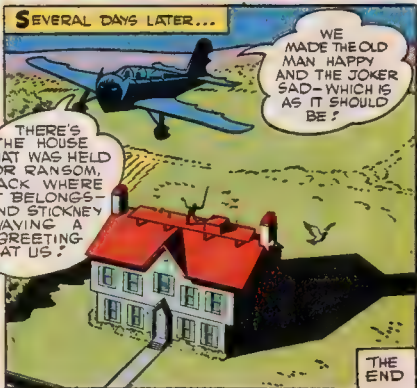
IF IT WEREN'T FOR THOSE PIGEONS...

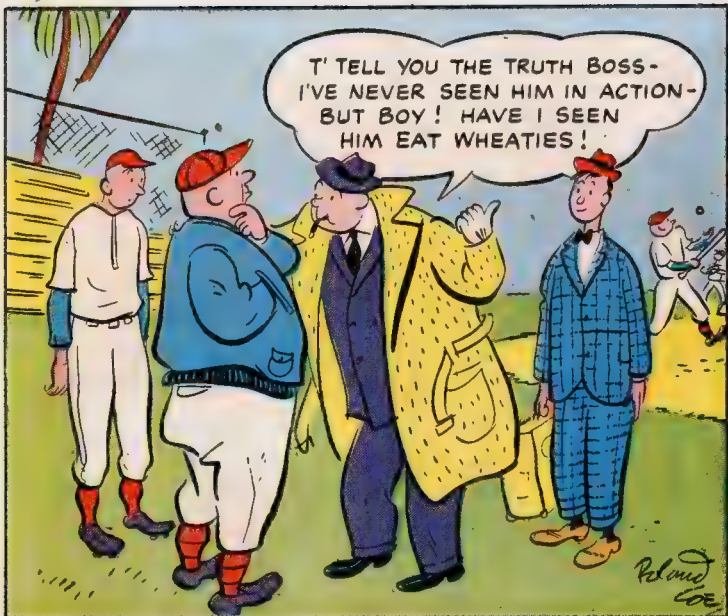












CHAMPION NOURISHMENT IN
THOSE WHOLE WHEAT FLAKES!

**"BREAKFAST OF
CHAMPIONS"**

WITH MILK AND FRUIT

A Product of General Mills, Inc.

BOY! APPETITE DISCOVERS THAT FAMOUS
"BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS."

A MAN-SIZED BOWLFUL OF WHEATIES, WITH
MILK AND FRUIT, IS MIGHTY IMPORTANT EATING.
MIGHTY DELICIOUS, TOO. THOSE BIG CRISP-
TOASTED FLAKES ARE CHUCK-FULL OF SOLID
NOURISHMENT -- JAM-PACKED WITH NUT-SWEET,
MALT-RICH FLAVOR THAT CALLS FOR SECOND
HELPINGS.

GIVE WHEATIES A TRIAL -- TOMORROW MORNING.
GO INTO ACTION WITH LOTS OF MILK, FRUIT,
AND WHEATIES, "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS."



"Wheaties" and
"Breakfast of
Champions" are
registered trade
marks of
General Mills, Inc.

SLAM BRADLEY

WHEN BIG-TOWN
DETECTIVE SLAM
BRADLEY AND SIDE-
KICK SHORTY MORGAN
RUN INTO A PUZZLING
RAILROAD RACKET,
THE TRAIN OF EVENTS
MOVES SWIFTLY TO A
LALLAPALOOZA OF
A LAST STOP—AND
SLAM AND SHORTY
SHOW THAT THEY
CAN DO A LOT MORE
THAN...

**"SMASH
YOUR
BAGGAGE!"**



SLAM
BRADLEY
AND
SHORTY
MORGAN
PAUSE
FOR
A MOMENT
IN THE
LOBBY
OF THE
VANDERMORE
HOTEL...

LOOKS LIKE SNIFFY
BOLES, THE BELL-HOP,
IS DESCRIBING THE
FISH-THAT-GOT-AWAY
TO ONE OF THE
GUESTS!

SNIFFY'S AN
OILY ARTICLE—
THE LESS ANY-
ONE HAS TO
DO WITH HIM
THE BETTER!

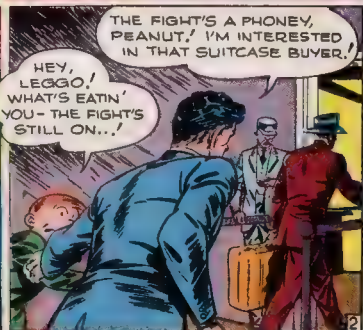
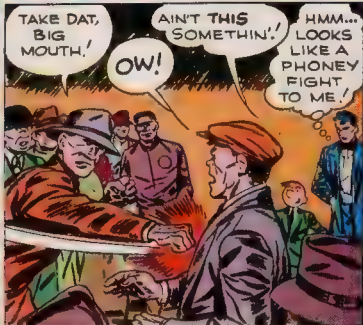
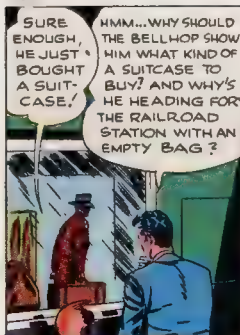
LUGGAGE
SHOP

A SUIT-CASE
IS MY GUESS,
SHORTY.

YOU'RE
SO SMART,
WHAT DO
YOU THINK
HE WAS
DESCRIBING?



DETECTIVE COMICS





AT THAT MOMENT IN THE WAITING ROOM...

BETTER GET
STARTED... NEARLY
TRAIN TIME! ODD,
THOUGH, MY BAG
FEELS LIGHT AS
A FEATHER!



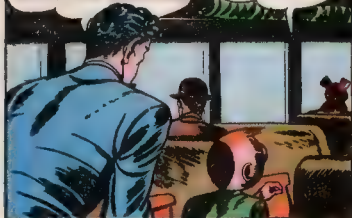
WHY... IT'S NOT MY
BAG, AFTER ALL!
MINE'S GONE... AND
WITH IT, THE TIMBER
TRACT STIPULATION!



MEANWHILE, IN PURSUIT OF THE LOST BAG...

HE'S ON
THIS TRAIN, SHORTY!
AND HE'S WORKING
THE OLD GAME OF
SWITCHING SUITCASES!

GOSH...
LUCKY YOU
HAD YOUR
EYES OPEN!



SUDDENLY, IN CAR B...

WHAT'S THE MATTER,
MISTER... PICK UP
THE WRONG BAG?

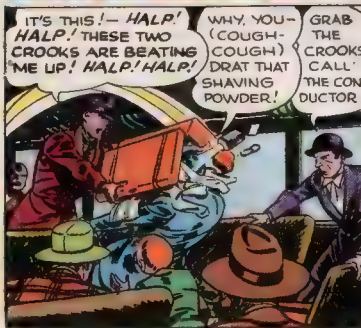
PRIVATE
GUMSHOES, EH?
WELL, I GOT AN
ANSWER FER
THAT!



IT'S THIS! — HALP!
HALP! THESE TWO
CROOKS ARE BEATING
ME UP! HALP! HALP!

WHY, YOU—
(COUGH
COUGH)
DRAT THAT
SHAVING
POWDER!

GRAB
THE
CROOKS!
CALL
THE CON-
DUCTOR!



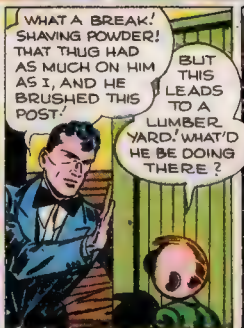
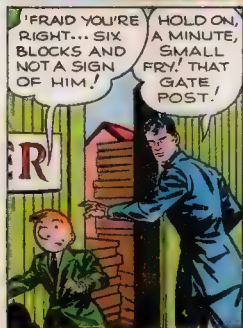
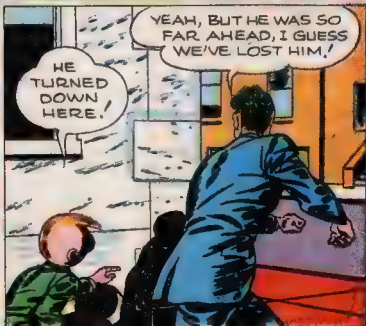
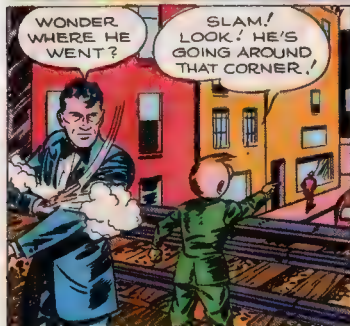
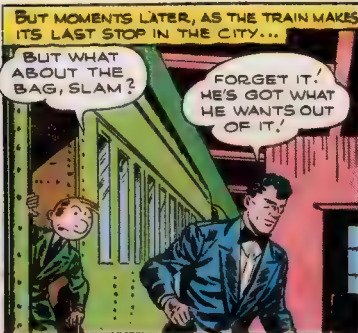
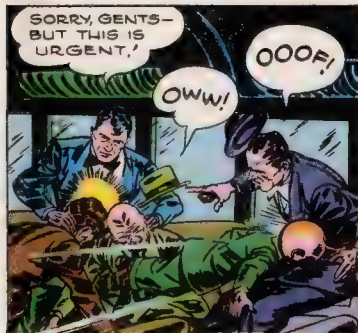
LET
GO! IT'S
A MIS-
TAKE!

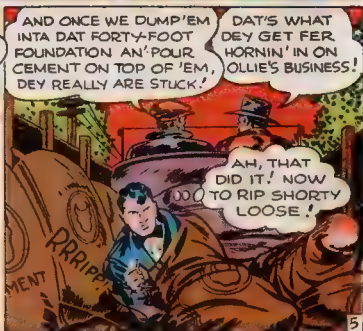
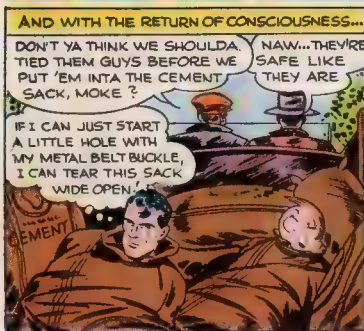
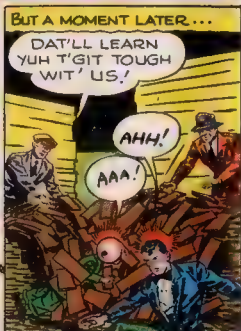
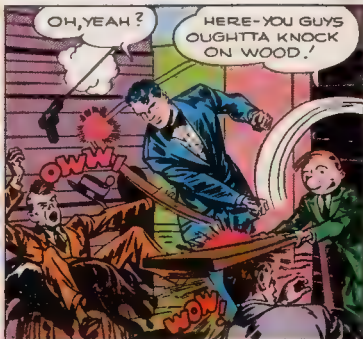
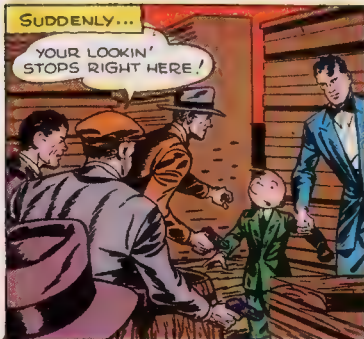
LEMME
LOOSE!
WE'RE
NOT
CROOKS!

TELL IT
TO THE
JUDGE!

THERE,
THAT'LL
HOLD 'EM!
I GOT
WHAT I WANT,
HA, HA!







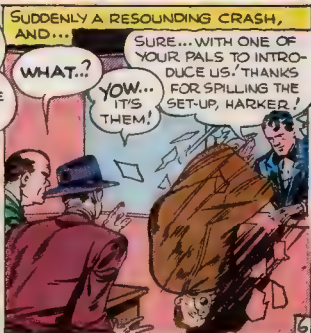
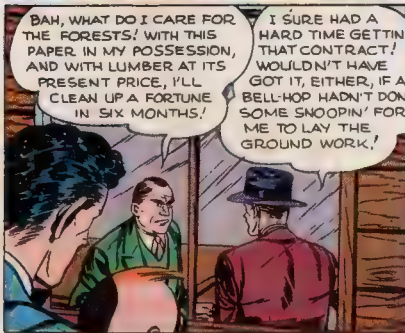
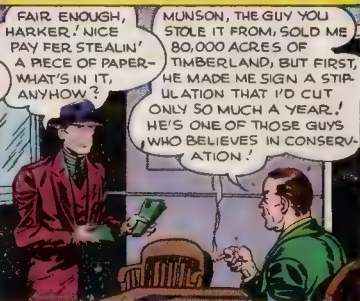
JUST THEN, THE CAR STOPS, AND...

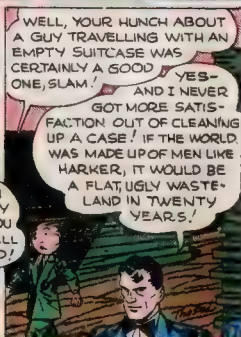
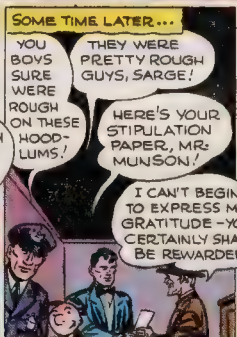
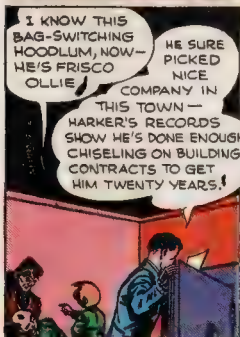
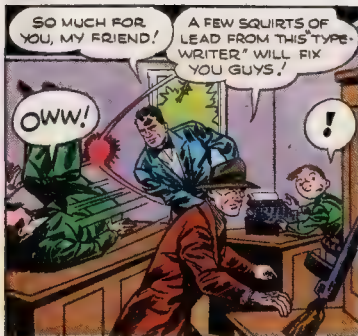


SECONDS LATER...

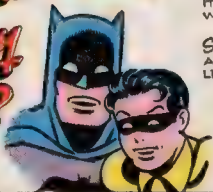


MEANWHILE, AT THE LUMBERYARD OFFICE...





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BATMAN AND ROBIN APPEAR IN DAILY NEWSPAPER STRIPS AND COLORFUL SUNDAY PAGES IN ALL PARTS OF THE COUNTRY. PERHAPS A NEWSPAPER IN YOUR TOWN ALREADY CARRIES THIS SWELL FEATURE. IF SO, WRITE US AND LET US KNOW HOW YOU LIKE IT, AND GIVE US SUGGESTIONS ON HOW WE MIGHT MAKE IT BETTER. BUT IF BATMAN AND ROBIN DOESN'T APPEAR IN A NEWSPAPER IN YOUR TOWN, WRITE TO US SAYING YOU'D LIKE TO SEE IT. IF ENOUGH PALS OF BATMAN AND ROBIN WRITE IN, WE MAY BE ABLE TO ARRANGE FOR YOUR NEWSPAPER TO CARRY THE STRIP.

SO IT'S UP TO YOU! WRITE RIGHT AWAY—AND TELL ALL YOUR FRIENDS TO WRITE, TOO! ADDRESS YOUR LETTER—OR A PENNY POSTCARD—TO:

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ROOM 933
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HOT-IRON TRANSFERS
AS PRIZES IN
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WHEAT!

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HERE ARE THE 12 SWELL PRIZES YOU CAN GET!



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**WAR
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Stamp for every fifty
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FOR **Popsicle* Fudgicle***
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and other bags reading
"Licensed by Joe Lowe
Corp.," and "Save these
bags for Gifts"

*TRADE MARK REG U.S. PAT. OFF.

OVER 1/2 MILLION PRIZES - FREE!

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CRIME'S HENCHMAN

by Ted Loury

BRINDQUIST slid cautiously into the dark alley, took a few steps and then listened intently. Then, satisfied that all was clear, that there were no Gestapo agents about, he made his way into the street. Looking at a clock, he realized he'd have to hurry in order to get in before curfew.

He wanted to get back, too, in order to think this terrible thing over that was happening to the underground here in Denmark. Tonight's meeting had been depressing, and only love for their country had kept them from jumping at each other's throat, the eight of them left. Once there had been eleven all key men—the only link between the free world and the German-controlled city of Karvenger.

Karvenger wasn't big, as cities go. But it was important because it allowed passage into the North Sea. And intrepid Danes somehow managed to get people and information across into Scotland and England. They managed, too, to bring in the cheering information which would keep the Danes fighting.

There was no doubt in Brindquist's mind, as he let himself into his house, that a traitor was among the eight. It had to be one of them, a traitor so clever that he had allowed almost a year to elapse before going into action.

And then with terrifying suddenness, things went wrong. Night escapes were frustrated; saboteurs were caught; messengers were apprehended. Then, only three weeks ago when three key men, members of the Inner Circle, met death in successive weeks, the pattern was only too obvious: a traitor.

It had to be in the Inner

Circle. No one else had such access to the underground workings. But who? Tonight they had tried to decide, and for hours they talked and looked at each other's wan, haggard faces. And then they left, undecided. Each man, like Brindquist, was worried. Did they think it was him? ... Brindquist asked himself as he took off his coat.

Each man, he supposed, was even now asking of himself the same question. Did his friends, these men he had grown up with, think him guilty?

"Good evening, dear," Brindquist kissed his wife, and she, noticing the worried look on his face, asked the reason for the trouble.

Dame Brindquist was a good woman, her golden hair turned prematurely gray since the arrival of the Nazis. And Brindquist, looking at her now, said simply: "We have a traitor in the Inner Circle."

She said nothing for a moment, but the color drained from her cheeks. Brindquist knew what she was thinking: That not one of the remaining eight was safe now—except the traitor! And unless the traitor were caught, all of the eight would soon be dead.

At last Dame Brindquist said, huskily: "You do not know him, Arvid?"

He smiled faintly, shook his head. "Of course I do. But I know him as a friend, and not as a traitor." His teeth worried his lower lip. "Can I think it is Hans Larsen? Or Per Dartin? Or Jan Arsholz?" He shook his head. "I grew up with them all. Mayor Vidin? Hartz Bereson? It is incredible that any one of them should be a traitor. If Mayor Vidin hadn't acted with such speed last week, we

might all be facing a firing squad."

Once again, Brindquist shook his head. Bitterly, he added: "We have all lost much. And now I fear, by stopping that bullet last week when he drew the fire of the Gestapo agents on himself, Peter Vidin will limp forever."

Dame Brindquist's eyes were sympathetic. "Oh, I am so sorry. The doctor couldn't help him then?"

"The doctor was killed last week, mysteriously, in bed," Brindquist said curtly. "The Gestapo apparently found out he had been assisting our underground members." A sigh. "They shot him in cold blood because they knew they could force nothing from his lips. He knew nothing, never wanted to know a name, or a face. Just to help."

Brindquist stiffened suddenly. "What's that?"

The noise came from the back door. Dame Brindquist's eyes looked at the clock, then she smiled with relief. "It's young Arvid," she said. "He must have let time slip by and did not notice the curfew time had passed. I'll let him in." Her features tightened. "And give him a piece of my mind." On the way to the kitchen door, she paused, called back. "Your dinner is almost warm. If you'll just be patient."

Brindquist said dully: "I'm not hungry. And I have to get the paper finished for tomorrow night. Say good-night to young Arvid for me."

He wanted to get downstairs into the secret room where he had the makeshift press. In the old days he had been a prosperous newspaper publisher. Now he performed an even more useful service, writing and

printing the underground paper, usually by himself. Only the members of the Inner Circle knew of its location, of the secret way in from the street, through an old coal chute.

The only other door was upstairs, behind a secret panel. Brindquist pushed the button now, and went down. He was glad the paper was almost ready. It was only one page, six columns in size, but the Nazis would pay a high price to stop it.

And Brindquist had vowed they never would. Now, he was not so sure, with that traitor abroad. Listlessly, he walked over and looked at the form. He was glad now that only a few more inches of type remained to fill the page. Tonight, he wanted to think.

He sat down in the chair near the desk. Overhead, the green sheet of light hanging from the ceiling suddenly began to sway.

Brindquist's forehead furrowed. His wife was coming down, determined to make him eat, he thought. He was surprised to notice the agitation on her face. Young Arvid followed behind her. "What's the matter?" Brindquist asked, irritably. Obviously, she couldn't punish Arvid for being out late.

He was wrong. "Didn't you say Mayor Vidin would be wearing a limp forever?" Dame Brindquist asked. "Arvid says he saw him running along the buildings after curfew."

"Impossible," Brindquist said. "He'll always limp. It must have been someone else."

"No, it wasn't," Arvid said stoutly. "I'd know Mayor Vidin, even in the dark. You know how he sort of rolls, when he used to walk without a limp. And I passed him only about ten feet away. I was hurrying home after curfew."

Brindquist passed a hand across his brow. It came off moist, showing the strain under which he was laboring. It could not be true that Mayor Vidin, who had lost everything—position, money, a good home—could be the traitor. He was as

poor as the others, and they knew he suffered more because he had loved wealth and good times.

And yet? A man could change, just as others had changed right here in Scandinavia. In all fairness to the Inner Circle, the matter must be referred to Per Dartin, the head.

A sudden thought caused Brindquist's blood to run cold. But what if Per Dartin were the traitor? Nevertheless, it behooved every man in the Inner Circle to bring any scrap of evidence that might uncover the Nazis' henchman.

"You're sure, Arvid?"

"Yes," the boy said. Then, doubtfully, "I think he even saw me. But then maybe he didn't."

Brindquist bent over and kissed his son. "Your mother will see you to bed." To his wife, he said: "I may be going out in a little while to see Per Dartin."

"I understand," she said softly. "I hope we have found him." To the boy, "Come, son."

But Brindquist didn't go out just then. He sat back in his chair, lost in thought. Fifteen minutes later he got to his feet and went to a drawer of newspaper cuts he had salvaged from his wrecked shop. He selected one of the pictures, held it in his hands a moment, then deposited it face down on the form.

He knew now what he had to do. Wait.

An hour passed, then another. Then he heard the slight noise that marked the opening of the secret door in the old chute. Someone of the Inner Circle members was coming in.

Brindquist held his breath. Who would it be: a friend? Or a traitor?

"Ah, good evening, Arvid."

Mayor Vidin, hand in his pocket, stood before Brindquist. "I dropped in to see how the paper was coming. I also have a few notes I picked up tonight."

There was no fear in Brindquist's eyes. He had thought

everything out. He had waited here, knowing that if Mayor Vidin was the traitor, the latter would show up—if he had seen young Arvid, and knew the boy had seen him running.

If no one had showed up in another hour, Brindquist would have reported to Per Dartin. It had just been a matter of waiting, of putting one's mind in order, of quelling one's fears. And if anything happened to him Brindquist would know his wife understood. Understood why he had given his life.

For Brindquist, too, knew that only one man would leave this room alive. It had to be the traitor. He had to go out, believing he had killed the only man in the Inner Circle who knew his identity.

That is why Brindquist now said: "I know you picked up some notes. Nazi banknotes!"

The Luger, with silencer attached, gleamed in Mayor Vidin's hand. Its snout puffed once, and Brindquist fell to the floor, clutching his stomach.

Mayor Vidin looked down at him, hissed: "I know your wife won't be down here again tonight."

Brindquist's eyes were closed, his body stiffened. With a sneer on his face, Vidin went out as he had come, silently, unobserved, leaving Brindquist for dead.

But he was not dead yet. Brindquist had only a moment to live, he knew it. Blood poured from his mouth as he staggered toward the newspaper form, pushed down the type and placed the cut of the photograph in the space.

The page was filed. Ready to be run off on the morrow. His death, he knew, would not stop its publication.

And when they found his body in the morning, Per Dartin would be summoned. Per would know, as soon as he looked at the finished newspaper form. He would understand why, in the fifth column, was placed the picture of Mayor Vidin!

THREE-RING BINKO

HIYA - HOMBRE! - MEET LARAMIE LUKE - THE LARIAT-LIZARD, JUST IN FROM DEAD CENTER O' THEM THAR WIDE OPEN SPACES, THASS ME, PAL-AN' I'M THE HOOTINEST-TOOTINEST, ROPIN'EST MAVERICK BOTH SIDES O' THE GREAT DIVIDE - HOWZABOUT YOU'LL BRANDIN' ME WITH A RUN O' THE RANGE CONTRACT, AFORE I JUMPS THE CORRAL, POD'NER?

BOOKING-AGENT DE LUXE FOR ALL CIRCUS, CARNIVAL, MOVIE, OR NIGHT CLUB HEADLINE ACTS.

UNLOOSE ME, YOU CLUMSY COYOTE, OR I'LL SIX-SHOOT YOU ABOVE THE TIMBER-OUT! - THEN SIT Y'SELF DOWN A SPELL AND I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT "HEMP'HOLLOWAY, FROM DOWN TEXAS WAY, A 'PUNCHER' WHO REALLY KNEW THE 'ROPES'! HE'D SAY "KNOTS" TO YOU!!



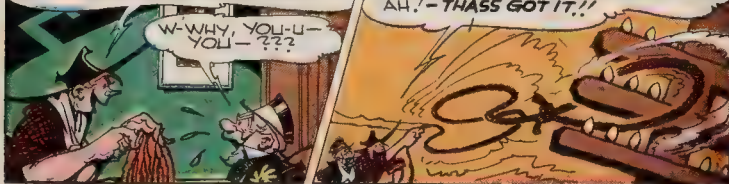
- SOME THUTTY ODD YEARS AGO, I'M TOTIN' A LITTLE LAST GASP CARNIVAL ALONG THE FRINGE OF THE MEXICAN BORDER, WHEN ONE DAY WHO BARGES INTO MY OFFICE BUT -

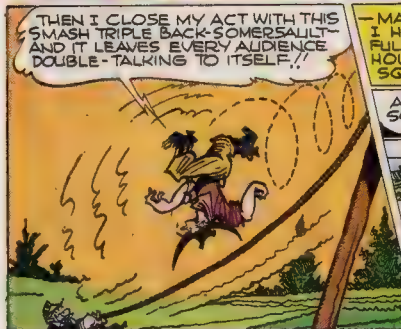
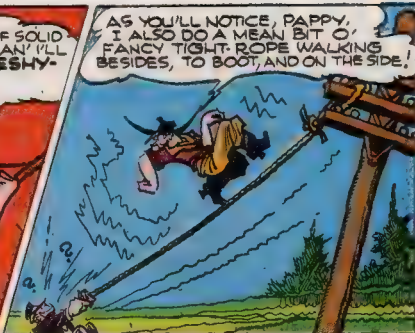
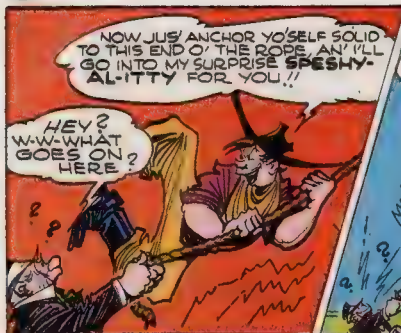
- BUT WHAT WITH THE SHOW BEING ON ITS LAST LEGS, AND ME UP TO MY LAPELS IN DEBT ANYHOW, I FIGURED I'D HUMOR THE STRAY HEIFER, AND TRAILED ALONG OUTSIDE TO WATCH HIM "DO HIS STUFF,"

THE PLEASURE'S ALL **YOUR'S** IN MEETIN' UP WITH ME, STRANGER. I'M "HEMP'HOLLOWAY, SUPER-COWMAN, AN' I KIN DO ANYTHING WITH THIS TWIST O' TWINE BUT MAKE IT COOK A MEAL- WANNA SEE ME PROVE IT?

FIRST OFF, PAPPY, I AIMS TO ROPE THE MIDDLE LEFT ARM OF THAT TELLYGRAF POLE, MAKE A DOUBLE-HITCH IN IT-AN' THEN LET YOU HOLD THIS END AS SNUG AS YOU KIN- AH! - **THASS GOT IT!!**

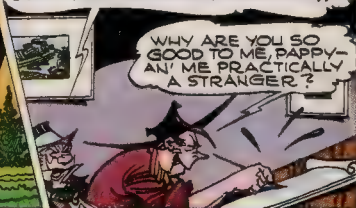
W-WHY, YOU-U-YOU-???





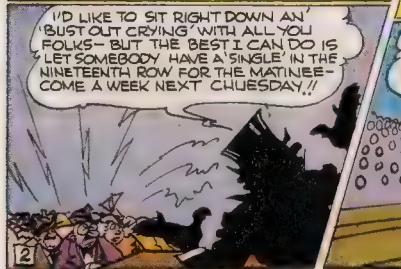
-MAN, OH MAN, DID I SIGN HIM UP FAST? I HOG-TIED HIM TO A CONTRACT SO FULL O' KNOTS, THAT EVEN THE GREAT HOLIDINI, HIMSELF COULDN'T HAVE SQUIRMED OUT OF IT!

AND ON TOP OF THE \$17.50 A WEEK, SON- YOU CAN EVEN "SLEEP IN,"



-BUD- HE WAS A BOX-OFFICE RIOT FROM THE VERY FIRST SHOW HE WORKED IN... HE HAD US COMPLETELY 'SOLD OUT' WEEKS IN ADVANCE BEFORE THE FIRST MONTH WAS UP!

-AND INSTEAD OF GOING STALE LIKE SO MANY OTHER PERFORMERS DO- HE ACTUALLY CONTINUED TO IMPROVE HIS ACT EVERY TIME HE APPEARED- ONE NIGHT HE...





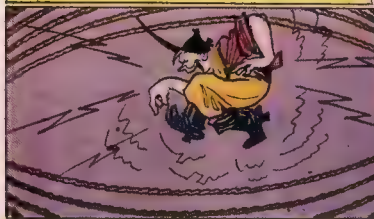
- WITH THAT HE WALKED TO THE CENTER OF HIS HIGH ROPE - HELD AT ONE END BY AN ASSISTANT - SPRANG UPWARD ABOUT FIVE FEET, AND SHOUTED -



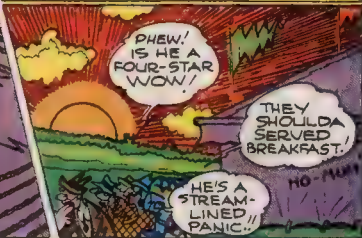
- THE ASSISTANT DID, AND WITH PERFECT TIMING, 'HEMP' ALIGHTED ON THE ROPE AGAIN ON ITS DOWN SWING - THEN IN A FLASH, SPRANG UPWARDS AGAIN !!



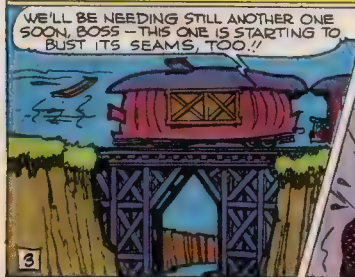
- FOR FIVE SOLID MINUTES HE 'SKIPPED THAT ROPE', ALIGHTING WITH HAIR-TRIGGER PRECISION ON EVERY SPLIT-SECOND TWIRL OF THE ROPE, FIFTY FEET ABOVE THE TANGBARK!! (I FAINTED THREE TIMES WITHOUT TRYING!!)



- WELL, SIR, TO SAY THAT HE PANICKED THE AUDIENCE WOULD BE PUTTING IT DOUBLE-MOIST - WE COULDN'T GET THEM TO STOP CHEERING TILL COME NEXT DAYBREAK - AND I WAS AFRAID HE'D START ASKING FOR \$19 A WEEK!



HE STUCK STRICTLY 'TO HIS BISCUITS', THOUGH FOR THE NEXT THREE MONTHS SOLID - AND I HAD TO ADD AN EXTRA BOX-CAR TO OUR CIRCUS TRAIN JUST TO CARRY THE EXCESS PROFITS -



THEN IT HAPPENED!! WE'D PITCHED OUR TENTS OUT MONTANA WAY, AND WE'RE SO FULL OF MONEY THAT WE WERE TAKING GRADE-A STEERS, IN EXCHANGE FOR BOX SEATS, WHEN 'HEMP' STAYS OFF THE LOT FOR THREE DAYS RUNNING!

BOSS BINKS, THERE'S A CATTLEMAN A-RARIN' OUTSIDE FOR THE RETURN O' HIS TEN HEAD OF LONG-HORNS OR HE AIMS TO SIEVE YOU NOW - AND HE'S GOT THE ARTILLERY TO DO IT WITH.



—WELL, BUB, I WAS FOLDING UP THE SHOW THAT SAT'DAY AFTERNOON—TO QUIT SHOW BUSINESS COLD 'N' FOR 'KEEPS', WHEN WHO WHEELS ONTO THE GROUNDS IN A \$12,000 SPECIAL JOB BUT WANDERING 'HEMP' HIMSELF —

TOP O' THE AFTERNOON TO YOU, SIR— MY EX-BOSS — I WOULD A WORD WITH YOU!

SCAT! — YOU VARMINT!

NOW DON'T YOU GO TO 'TAKIN' ON', SO BROTHER— —WE'RE NOW OUT HERE IN THE WIDE OPEN SPACES IN OUR TREMENDOUS AND GORGEOUS COUNTRY—AND THERE'S STILL A HEAP O' DEVELOPIN' TO BE DONE YET, NOW HAIN'T THERE?

AND I'D LIKE TO START MY SHARE OF DEVELOPIN' ON YOU RIGHT NOW, YOU COYOTE —

HUSH YOUR PRATTLE PARDNER, MY BROKER WILL COMPENSATE YOU FOR ANY FINANCIAL LOSS THAT MIGHT ACCRUE DUE TO THE DISSOLVEMENT OF OUR CONTRACT—RIGHT NOW, I FIND IT MUCH MORE MY DUTY TO FURTHER MY COUNTRY'S INTERESTS THAN TO FRITTER AWAY MY TIME IN A PUNCH 'N' JUDY SHOW. I BID YOU, SIR, A PIP-PIP AND A CHEERIO!

LEGGO, YOU MENTAL CASE!

Y'MEAN THAT THAR HORNED TOAD QUIT YOU COLD, IN YOUR MISERIES, LIKE THAT—AFTER ALL YOU'D DID FOR HIM?... WHY, THE UNGRATEFUL SCORPION — WHAT'S HE A-DOIN' NOW, PAPPY?

WHY, BETTER'N EVER, FROM WHAT I HEAR— BETTER'N EVER...

Y'SEE, THEY WERE LAYIN' A NETWORK OF HIGH-TENSION POWER CABLES ALL OVER OUR NORTHWEST SECTION THEN, AND THIS 'HEMP' HOLLOWAY, WAS SO FANCY WITH HIS ROPE— TOSSING THAT HE COULD DO THE WORK OF TWENTY LINEMEN, WHICH HE DID, SO HE GOT HIMSELF TWENTY FAT SALARIES EVERY WEEK, AND BY NOW HE'S A —

OW-WAH!
I QUIT!!!

HEH-HEH-HEH!!
HEY, WHERE YA HEADIN', CHUM?

WATT'S IT T'YOU, BROTHER?
—THAT 'CURRENT' LINE O' YOURS 'SHOCKS' ME RIGHT OUT O' MY 'INSULATED' SOX, AND IF I EVER OWE YOU ANYTHING, DEPEND ON IT— I'LL 'CHARGE' IT— SO-O-O— LONG!!

Meet a



Folks, do you like golden, delicious honey? ... and crisp, munchy toasted almonds? You do? Then you'll love BIT-O-HONEY. This *different* delicious candy bar blends these taste-favorites with healthful milk and other energy-foods into the best candy bar you've ever tasted. BIT-O-HONEY comes already cut and wrapped in six bite-sized pieces ... so that it's the most delicious and the most convenient candy bar to eat anywhere, anytime. Today...

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5¢

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Everyone's name adds up to a special significant number. YOU can find yours by using the Number-Alphabet below.

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 $5+9+5+1+2+6+5+3+8+3+9+3+8+9+3+3=82$
 $8+2=10 \quad 1+0=1$

Use the Number-Alphabet to figure your number. If it isn't "One", write for FREE booklet telling you what it means.

The Number-Alphabet

A-J-S are "1"	B-K-T are "2"	C-L-U are "3"
D-M-V are "4"	E-N-W are "5"	F-O-X are "6"
G-P-Y are "7"	H-Q-Z are "8"	I-R are "9"

YOURS

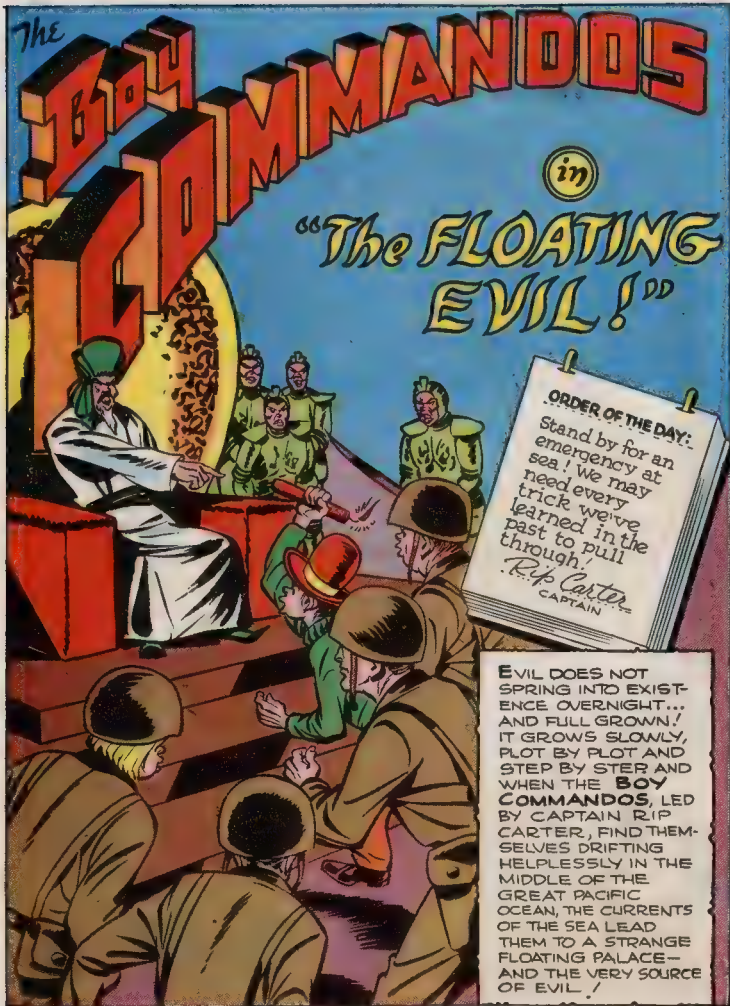
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Want the key to your number? Send today for the amazing new BIT-O-HONEY book "WHAT'S YOUR NUMBER AND WHAT DOES IT MEAN!" It's FREE! Paste coupon on a postcard. Mail it NOW!

BIT-O-HONEY: NCI
 Box 59, St. Louis 3, Mo.
 Please send me—absolutely FREE and without obligation my "What's Your Number" booklet.
 Name _____ (please print plainly)
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If you are under 18, check here _____
 Regardless of your age, you get your Number booklet FREE.

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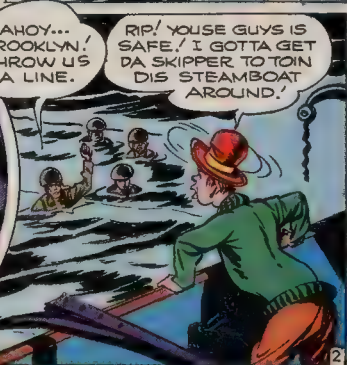
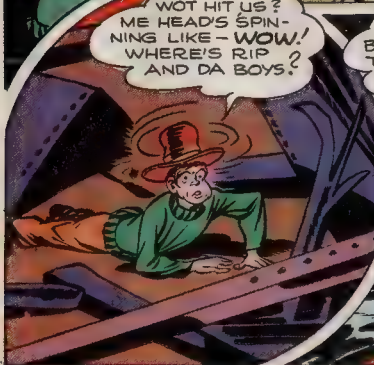
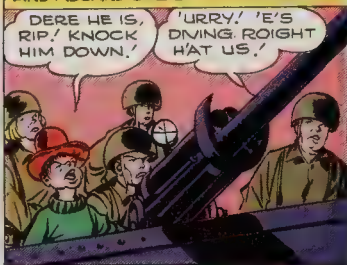
ORDER OF THE DAY:
Stand by for an
emergency at
sea! We may
need every
trick we've
learned in the
past to pull
through!
Rip Carter
CAPTAIN

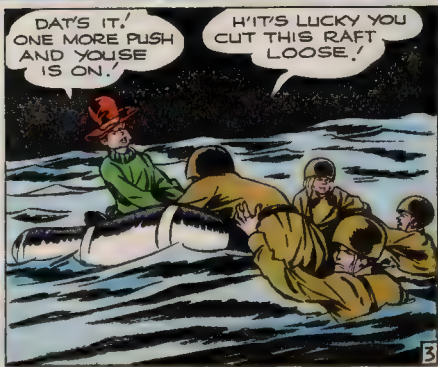
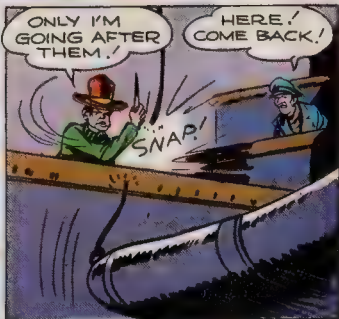
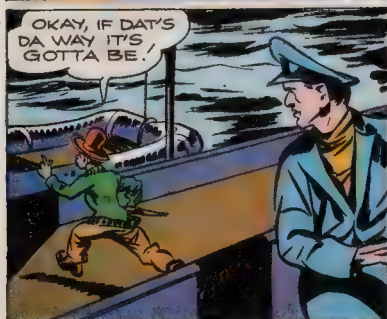
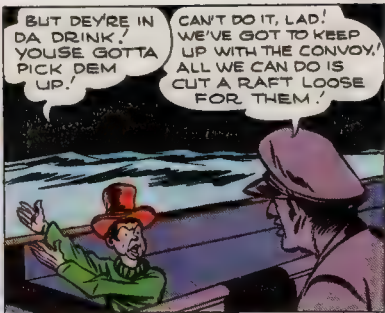
EVIL DOES NOT
SPRING INTO EXIST-
ENCE OVERNIGHT...
AND FULL GROWN!
IT GROWS SLOWLY,
PLOT BY PLOT AND
STEP BY STEP AND
WHEN THE **BOY**
COMMANDOS, LED
BY CAPTAIN RIP
CARTER, FIND THEM-
SELVES DRIFTING
HELPESSLY IN THE
MIDDLE OF THE
GREAT PACIFIC
OCEAN, THE CURRENTS
OF THE SEA LEAD
THEM TO A STRANGE
FLOATING PALACE—
AND THE VERY SOURCE
OF EVIL!

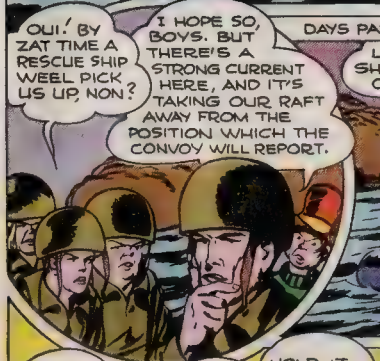
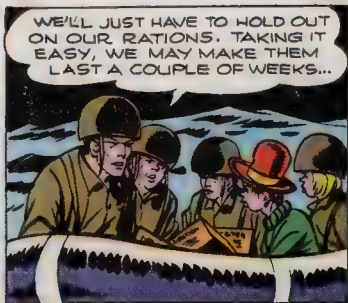
DANGER DROPS UNEXPECTEDLY OUT OF THE SKY AS A CONVOY SPEEDS ACROSS THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC...



AND ABOARD ONE OF THE TRANSPORTS...



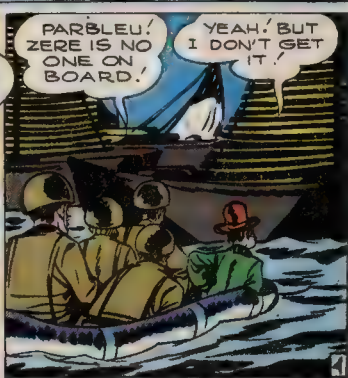
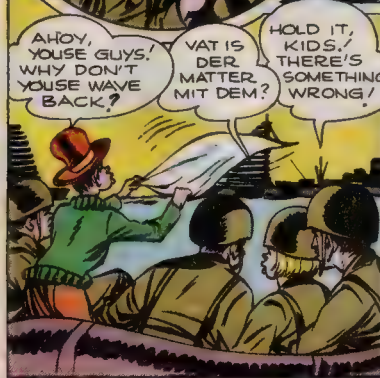


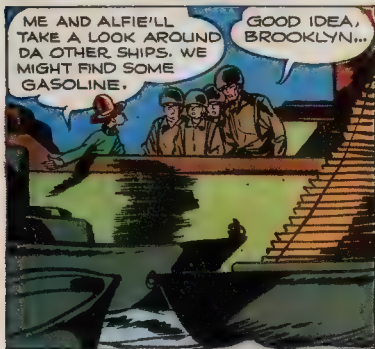
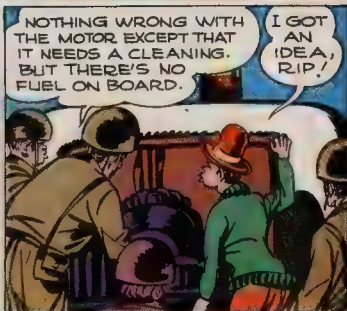
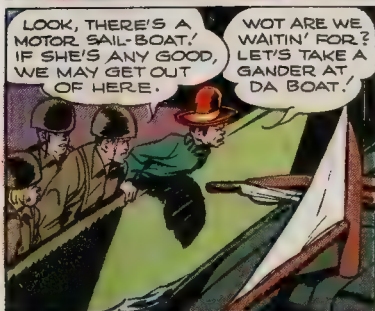
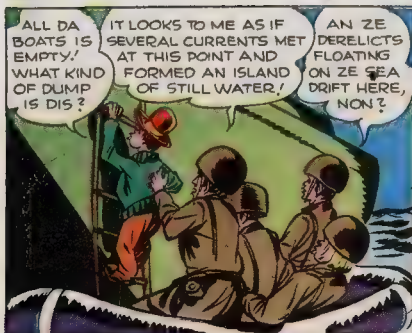


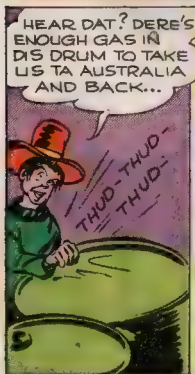
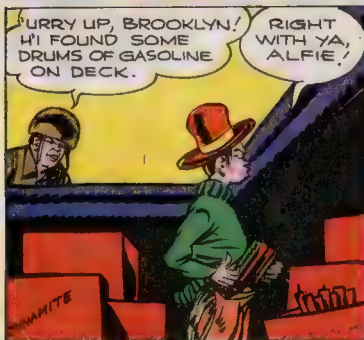
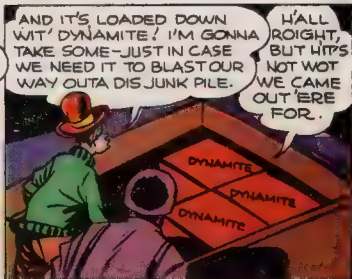
DAYS PASS INTO WEEKS, AND THEN...

LOOK! A SHIP! A WHOLE CONVOY!

BLIMEY! 'E'S ROIGHT!





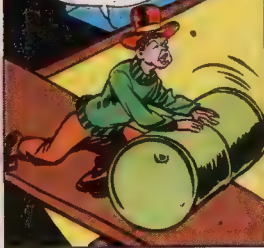




DIS IS NOT A T'ING
I CAN UNDERSTAND!
I BETTER BEAT IT
OVER TO DA SAIL
BOAT AND SEE IF
ALFIE IS THERE...



BUT NO USE WASTING DA
TRIP. I'LL JUST ROLL DIS
GAS TANK INTO DA BOAT.
HEY, RIP, ANDRE!
JAN, GIMME A
HAND.



DEY AIN'T NONE OF 'EM
AROUND. WOT'S GOT
INTO DA GUYS? ARE
DEY TRYING TO PULL
A GAG ON ME?



BUT IT'S NO GAG! A MYSTERIOUS
DANGER CREEPS EVER CLOSER TO
THE UNSUSPECTING BROOKLYN!

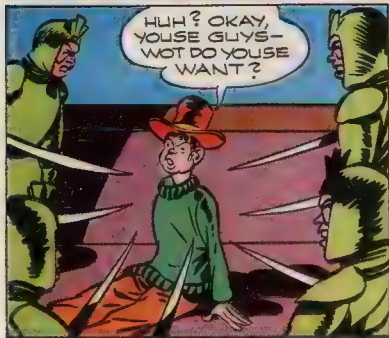


WOT'S GOING
ON HERE? I
DON'T GET IT...

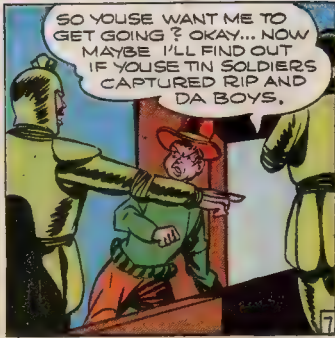
THEN...



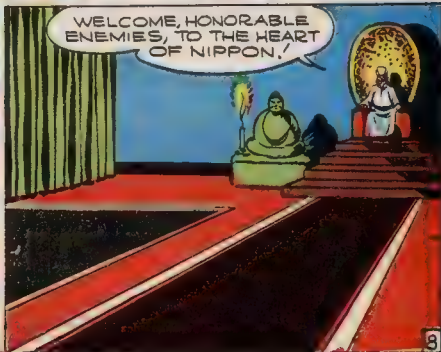
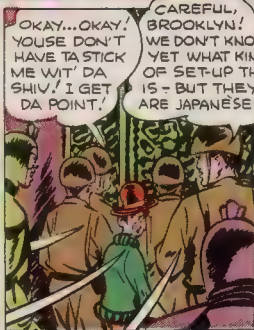
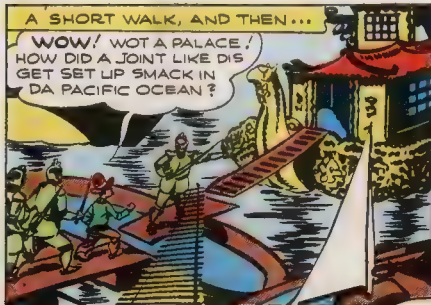
HEY, LEGGO!
GET OFF ME BACK,
OR I'LL—



HUH? OKAY,
YOUSE GUYS—
WOT DO YOUSE
WANT?



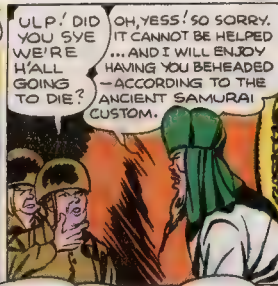
SO YOUSE WANT ME TO
GET GOING? OKAY... NOW
MAYBE I'LL FIND OUT
IF YOUSE TIN SOLDIERS
CAPTURED RIP AND
DA BOYS.





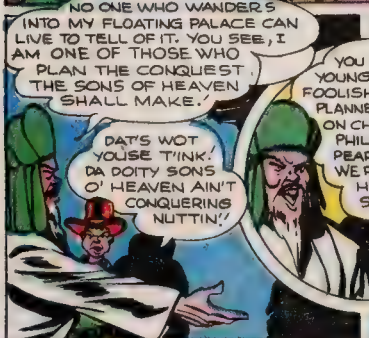
WHO ARE YOU? AND WHY WERE WE BROUGHT HERE?

I EXPECTED THAT QUESTION. AND BEFORE YOU DIE - I WILL TELL YOU! I AM CALLED HIRO!



UHP! DID YOU SEE WE'RE HALL GOING TO DIE?

OH, YESS! SO SORRY. IT CANNOT BE HELPED ... AND I WILL ENJOY HAVING YOU BEHEADED - ACCORDING TO THE ANCIENT SAMURAI CUSTOM.

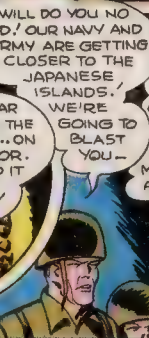


NO ONE WHO WANDERS INTO MY FLOATING PALACE CAN LIVE TO TELL OF IT. YOU SEE, I AM ONE OF THOSE WHO PLAN THE CONQUEST. THE SONS OF HEAVEN SHALL MAKE.

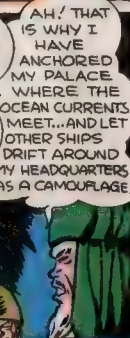
DAT'S WOT YOUSE T'INK! DA DOITY SONS O' HEAVEN AIN'T CONQUERING NUTTIN'!



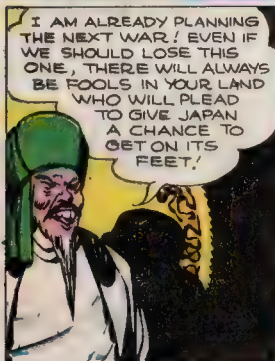
YOU ARE YOUNG AND FOOLISH! WE PLANNED OUR WAR ON CHINA... ON THE PHILIPPINES... ON PEARL HARBOR. WE PLANNED IT HERE - IN SECRET.



IT WILL DO YOU NO GOOD! OUR NAVY AND ARMY ARE GETTING CLOSER TO THE JAPANESE ISLANDS. WE'RE GOING TO BLAST YOU -



AH! THAT IS WHY I HAVE ANCHORED MY PALACE WHERE THE OCEAN CURRENTS MEET... AND LET OTHER SHIPS DRIFT AROUND MY HEADQUARTERS AS A CAMOUFLAGE.

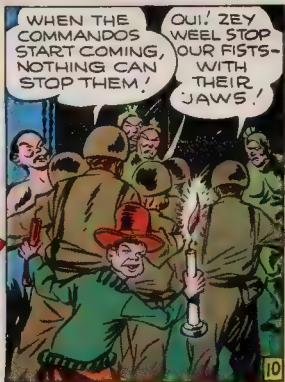
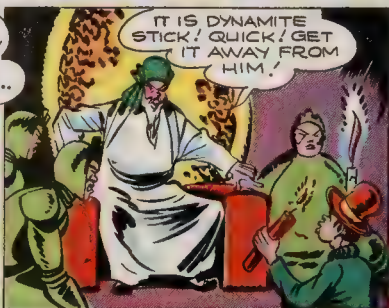
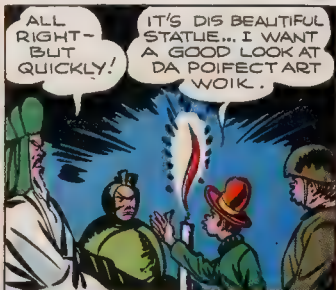


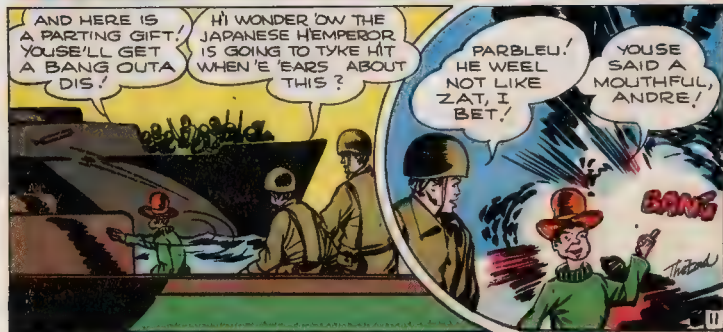
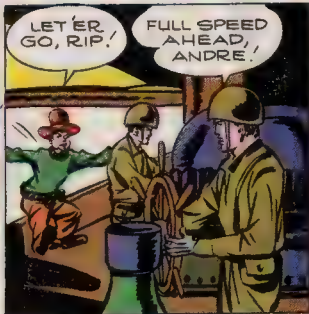
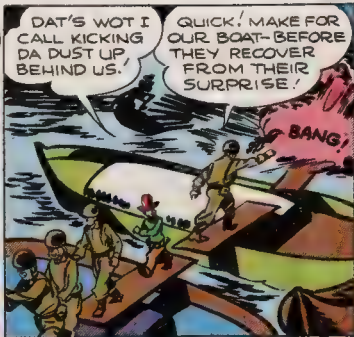
I AM ALREADY PLANNING THE NEXT WAR! EVEN IF WE SHOULD LOSE THIS ONE, THERE WILL ALWAYS BE FOOLS IN YOUR LAND WHO WILL PLEAD TO GIVE JAPAN A CHANCE TO GET ON ITS FEET!



BUT NOW... I HAVE TALKED ENOUGH!

HEY! WOT'S HE WAVING HIS HAND LIKE DAT FOR?





WHAT MAKES A CHAMPION?

Make-up of most champions includes: (1) *Smart coaching*, (2) *Good training*, (3) *Natural ability*, (4) *Hard work*, (5) *Will-to-win*. Greater natural ability is an advantage, but that's all. The will-to-win is in your heart. On items (1) and (2) here's some help.

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by Carl Nordly and Dave MacMillan
- 4 **WANT TO BE A SWIMMING CHAMPION?**
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by Catherine Snell and Eloise Jaeger
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by Don Budge
- 11 **WANT TO BE A TRACK AND FIELD CHAMPION?**
(Track Events) by Leo Johnson
- 12 **WANT TO BE A TRACK AND FIELD CHAMPION?**
(Field Events) by Tom Jones
- 13 **WANT TO BE A GOLF CHAMPION?** (Girls)
by Patty Berg
- 14 **WANT TO BE A HOME AND NEIGHBORHOOD
GAMES CHAMPION?** by Carl Nordly

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AIR WAVE

WHEN TOM TRAINER LEAVES HIS OLD JAIL CELL WITHOUT SAYING GOOD-BYE TO THE WARDEN...HIS PET MOUSE, SQUEAK, GOES WITH HIM. BUT LIFE OUTSIDE THE JAIL WALL ISN'T QUITE AS SERENE AS THE LIFE WITHIN...AND THE TWO FRIENDS HAVE SOME STRANGE ADVENTURES BEFORE **AIR WAVE**, WIZARD OF WIRELESS, PUTS AN END TO THIS TALE...

"OF MICE AND MUGGS!"

Geo. Robbins



UP FOR A LONG STRETCH, TOM TRAINER MAKES FRIENDS FAST. AMONG MICE, IT'S SQUEAK....

HERE, PAL, FINISH UP MY LUNCH!

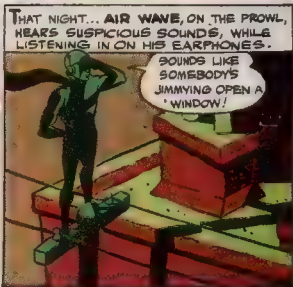
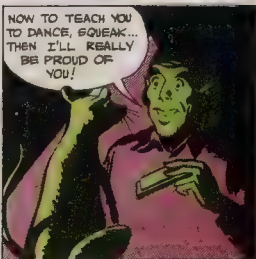
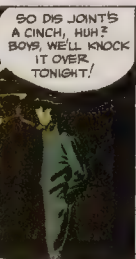
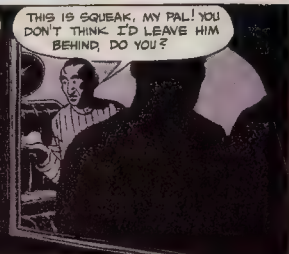
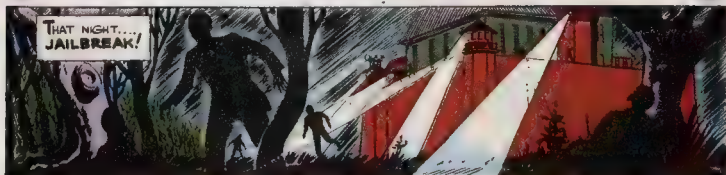


AND AMONG RATS, IT'S TERRIBLE.... JERRY PERCY---

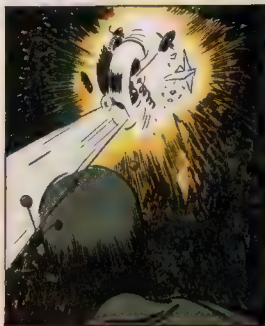
PSITT...TONIGHT'S DA NIGHT, CHUM!

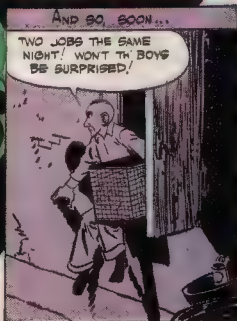
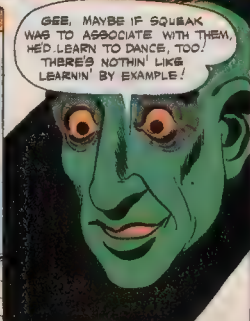
I'LL BE READY, PERCY!

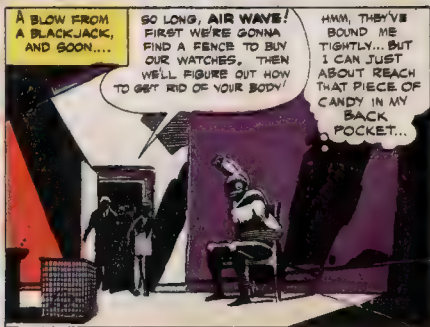
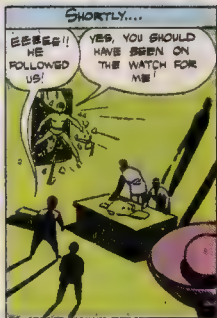
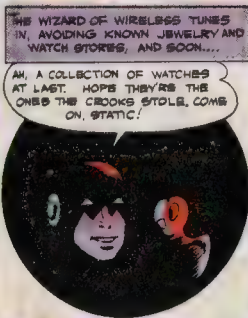


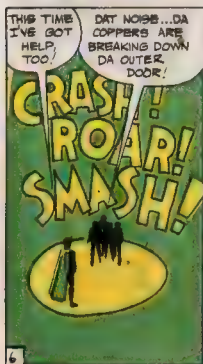
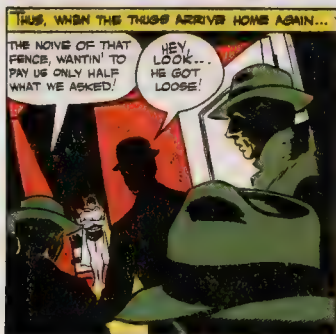
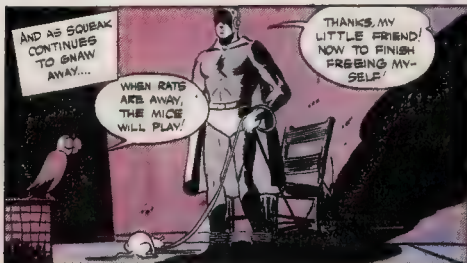


SOUNDS LIKE SOMEBODY'S JIMMYING OPEN A WINDOW!





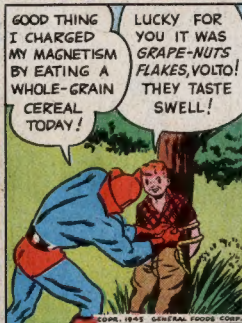




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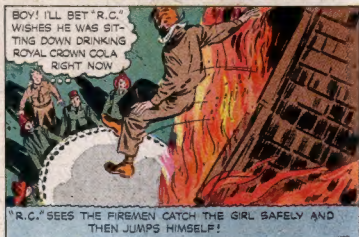
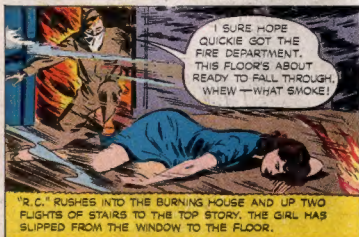
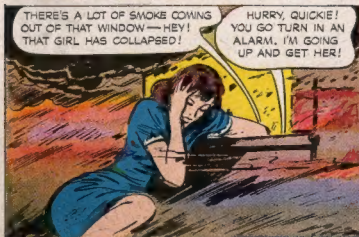
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